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Fellow diplomats aren't quite ready to speculate on the record about whether the dean of their corps, Soviet Ambassador Anatoliy Dobrynin, will or won't go home to Moscow permanently. Yarns about Dobrynin are another story.

Among those starting to surface is the one about Dobrynin and his wife Irina deciding that the Soviet Embassy's official recreational compound on Maryland's Eastern Shore was just too tedious a trip every weekend and starting to look nearer Washington for their own country place with swimming pool.

In McLean, a realtor showed them something near the Central Intelligence Agency, then afterward worried that he shouldn't have. Calling up the State Department to confess the folly of his ways, the realtor was astonished to discover that officials there couldn't have been nicer.

Forgivingly purred one expert in Soviet affairs: "Why, we'd love to have him there."